

Dear Mr. President,

This is a sombre note. It is not intended to depress you, though it will. It is highly confidential. The purpose is to put you on guard for developments which neither you nor I can prevent, but which neither one of us should support or condone. Beware especially of the tendency to get you "to support the President" in syndicated newspaper articles.

I believe that sometime this autumn we are in for a most humiliating defeat over Berlin. Our own policy and preparations are increasingly weak and vacillating. Our allies are already in full retreat.

is, or soon will be, in Moscow looking for terms. Lange of Norway will follow. The Germans are about to collapse. If Adenauer is allowed to stay on, which is doubtful, it will be only to sign the surrender. McCloy is everywhere urging an accommodation with Khrushchev. Walter Lippmann is the archangel of appeasement. The White House staff is already shuttling my recommendations.

The worst of it is not that eight years of Eisenhower inaction and one of Kennedy may have made the result inevitable, but that it will probably be dressed up as statesmanship of the new order, a refreshing departure from the bankrupt inheritance of the Truman-Acheson reliance on military power.

So count one hundred before you comment on anything, and don't let Bill Hillman write anything for you on foreign policy. The First Amendment protects silence as well as speech. I am going underground.

If you read todays U.S.-Soviet agreement on the principles of "general and complete disarmament" with the U. N. to have the only armed forces to be permitted, and look also at the Soviet demand for the Troika system and triple veto in the U. N., you will see the idiocy of our policy. No one means a damned thing which is said. We are all engaged in a propaganda battle of insincerities to creat "images" of ourselves in the minds of people who don't count. If we get Barry Goldwater after this--as we well may--we shall thoroughly deserve it.

This is all for your most private eye. I hope I am wrong, but do not think that there is the remotest chance that I am. The course is set and events are about to take control.

Alice sends her love to you and the Boss.

Sept. 21, 1961

As ever,